
THE FALL
OF
ROMISH BABYLON
ANTICIPATED.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE FALL

OF

ROMISH BABYLON



[Price One Guinea and Sixpence]

T H E F A L L
O F
ROMISH BABYLON
ANTICIPATED.

A POEM, in THREE PARTS.

With HISTORICAL NOTES.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable
LORD GEORGE GORDON.

BY A PROTESTANT.

And the LORD said unto Moses, Write this for a Memorial in a Book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua : For I will utterly put out the Name of Amalek from under Heaven,—*Exodus* xvii. 14.

And a mighty Angel took up a Stone like a great Millstone, and cast it into the Sea, saying, Thus with Violence shall that great City BABYLON be thrown down; and shall be found no more at all.

Rev. xviii. 21.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

T H E

O F

ROMISH BAYLON

UNTIOTATED

A POEM, in THREE PARTS.

WITH HISTORICAL NOTES.

Edited by the Hon. Mr. G. D. GORDON.



LORD GORDON.



And the Lord God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw that the light was good: and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And a mighty Angel stood up, and said, I have been sent by the Lord God, to show you the things that shall come to pass. And the Angel said, I have seen the things that shall come to pass, and I have written them down. And the Angel said, I have seen the things that shall come to pass, and I have written them down.

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Printed for the Author.

To the Right Honourable

Lord George Gordon,

One of the Members of Parliament for Scotland, President of the Protestant Association, and the Defender of the Religion and Rights of his Country.

MY LORD,

AS your Lordship is the avowed champion of the purest religion, and the arduous maintainer of that sacred liberty which every free born Briton reveres; I need make no apology for dedicating to your lordship a Poem calculated to expose the errors of Popery, and the horrors of slavery.

If some have affirmed that without episcopacy there can subsist no monarchy, I will venture to say, that without Popery there never could exist a tyrannical form of government in Britain.

That intolerant religion, my Lord, is expressly adapted to slaves.—It arose in the darkest ages of the world, and originated in the artifice of designing priests, who having bound the minds of men in chains of darkness, consigned them over to princes, kings, and emperors, enemies to freedom. Of that religion,

A

religion, which gave birth to more absurdities than that of Mahomet, and which is blended with more buffooneries than the Pagan mythology, tyrants have been the nursing fathers: from none else did it in any *past* age, ever find an asylum.

As, my Lord, when the arm of Moses was out-stretched on the sacred mountain, the warring tribes of Israel were victorious, and when his hand grew feeble, the Amalekites were masters; so whenever hallowed liberty reared her standard in Britain, the religion of Jesus, in its native purity pervaded this land, and whenever her hand became enervated, tyranny and superstition prevailed.

Without ransacking the remoter pages of history, or tracing the tyrants of barbarous ages, we need only look back to the inglorious reign of the Stuart family. The black deeds of the three successive princes of that God-dishonouring race, cast a sable shade on the records of Britain. Their names are as odious to the sons of true religion, as to the sons of Jacob, was the ignoble name of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin. That family, my Lord, which was nursed by the mother of harlots, and reared by the priests of Belial, was happily discarded, when the illustrious house of Brunswick was chosen to defend the Protestant religion, and the natural rights of Britons. May there never be wanting, my Lord, a prince of that august family to sway the sceptre in righteousness in these kingdoms.

In

In opposition to the baneful principles of Despots and Papists, our renowned ancestors without relenting faced the axe ! the sword ! the fire ! and all the unheard of tortures which hell and Rome could contrive ; and shall we my Lord, prove so degenerate as to swerve from a testimony so glorious, in the mild reign of the best of princes, and whilst under no such dreadful temptations ?—Forbid gratitude !—Forbid it freedom !—Forbid it religion !—Forbid it righteous heaven !

Your Lordship, as the strenuous asserter, and the arduous supporter of those principles, which alone are constitutional, and deserving the regard of a brave people, has gained an immortal name. It is engraven on the heart of every true Protestant, and will be honourably recorded in the annals of Britain ; and never be erased from the historic page, whilst pure religion bids Britons be free. The trumpet of fame, resounding the praise of your lordship through every land of liberty, can only be drowned by that louder trump, swelled by the breath of an arch-angel to proclaim the fall of Romish Babylon ; when her motly sons shall hide their guilty diminished heads, and all their idol gods be dashed to pieces ; when the red harlot, who so long has made all nations drunk with the wine of her spiritual fornication, shall have blood to drink ;—For she is worthy ; when the pontiff antichrist, all his cunning priests, monks, and friars, and all the heterogeneous
herd

herd of deceivers, who long have lorded over
God's heritage, and usurped the temple of the
supreme,

————— shall dissolve,

And like the baseless fabric of a vision,

Leave not a wreck behind.

Then shall your lordship meet the most
significant applause; and Britons with new-
born gratitude shall rejoice in the noble de-
fender of that *faith which was once delivered to*
the saints.

Pardon my lord, the humble attempt of
the author, in *borrowing immortality* from the
revered name of Gordon. At your nod, his
feeble performance may fall, and himself sink
to his native oblivion; at your fiat, they may
both rise in the just esteem of the good, and the
virtuous.

Whatever may prove the event of the glo-
rious efforts your lordship has made, to pro-
cure the repeal of the unpopular Popish act,
and the removal of a burthen from Britons,
which neither they, nor their fathers were able
to bear; whatever may be the result of your
resolute attempts in favour of Protestantism.
or the consequence of the malice of your ene-
mies; your Lordship has already gained the
most heart felt approbation of a people deter-
mined to be free. Meanwhile, no one en-
tertains a higher opinion of the fortitude of
your Lordship, in a cause so truly great and
glorious;

glorious; no one in the kingdom has a greater veneration for your person, or wishes more to applaud your virtues, than,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most devoted humble

Servant,

July 22d, 1780,

THE AUTHOR.

To the READER.

AS the toleration of a false religion is contrary to the express command of God, to the encouraging a religion, inimical to civil government, must militate against the true interest of his majesty, whose great ancestors were chosen to defend the *Protestant faith*, and the *birth-right* of Britons. The doctrine of a certain great *law-luminary*, can never be found, when he maintains that "Popery ought to be tolerated as well as any other religion." His Lordship seems to shine, but with a *vicarious* light, and has borrowed his glory from the meanest classes of Authors, when he asserts that Papists are not greater enemies to *Protestants*, then are the *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, and the various other *Sectaries* in England. * For my part, I was always weak enough to think that *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, &c. were as good *Protestant* people as his Lordship. The Presbyterian church as by law established in one part of Britain (I must not call its members *Protestants*, lest I should offend his lordship) will tell him that *one ounce of mother wit is worth a whole pound of clergy*; and that among the vulgar, there are men to be found who are neither *Papists*, *Protestants*, nor *Presbyterians*.

Do the Protestant dissenters of any class, shut the kingdom of heaven against all who differ

* Vide Lord Chancellor Thurlow's speech in the House of Lords in June 1780, as recorded in the Morn. Chronicle.

differ from them in opinion? Do they maintain that no faith is to be kept with hereticks, or dispense with oaths solemnly made before searcher of all hearts, when for the good of mother church? Do they attempt to prove that a *piece of paste* is the most HIGH GOD; or that the satisfaction a divine Saviour made to divine justice is incomplete, without the fiat of a priest, and the fire of purgatory? Do they pray to *saints* in Hell, pay adoration to angels, canonize incarnate devils, or worship images in wood, stone, or paste-board?—Let all true Protestants unite, and be valiant for the truth upon the earth. *Curse ye Merroz, saith the Angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants of that place, because they came not forth to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty!* Let them unanimously join, and powerfully cry to him who has promised the fall of Babylon, and who can tell but the plague of Popery may be soon stayed in these kingdoms?

As the following lines are not published for either the emolument of the booksellers, or the author; but merely to expose the buffooneries of the worst religion the world ever embraced; it is hoped they will be read with integrity by the well disposed, and with candour by the critics.

The mercy of the Critical, London, and Monthly Reviewers is implored by the author. His muse has but begun to soar, and to be struck down to the ground by an envious eagle, or a greedy hawk, would be cruel in a
first

first attempt. Rather let those inhabitants of purer æther aid his feeble flight, bear him on their wings, hover over his nest, and teach him to mount in the full blaze of day:

Let none despise the work of an anonymous author, who despises the *whistling* of a name. A candid reader will pay more regard to what is written than to a writer not yet raised to the pinnacle of fame. The author before he publishes his name, would be a little more elevated. Mean while let the reader remember that the worm which to day is creeping on the earth, to-morrow may be adorned with gaudy wings, fly from flower to flower, and take its pastime in regions by it before unexplored. The Rustic who would not publish his name to his productions, because he was a plough-man, when he arrived to the rule of an empire, was no longer an anonymous bard; nor were his works the less afterwards esteemed that they were written in a rural cot, or studied at the plough.

To the candid Public, and the friends of Religion (whether Protestants, or *Presbyterians*, to use the words of a great man before quoted) the author submits the following lines, resting his future fame in the literary world on the protection of the virtuous, and the good of all parties, who are the determined lovers of the truth;—and that truth will make them Free; for pure Religion and sacred Liberty are inseparably connected: The one can only sink in the desolation of the other.

T H E

THE FALL
OF
ROMISH BABYLON
ANTICIPATED.

PART THE FIRST.

THE Muse thy deeds, O GORDON, shall proclaim !
 Revering Britons shall record thy name,
 Thou Champion in *Britannia's* glorious cause,
 Her pure Religion, Liberty, and Laws.
 Still may thy bended bow its pow'r retain,
 Till bravely thou hast stern *Goliath* slain.—
 He comes, and calls, who Jacob's sons admir'd,
 Whose breath the horn in Israel's camp inspir'd,
 Till, from its basis, sunk the cloud'd-cop'd wall :
 Tis He proclaims—"Great Babylon shall fall."—
 Fall as her founders tumbl'd from the skies,
 Down to oblivion's shades, no more to rise !

B

ITHURIEL

Ver. 8. *Whose breath the horn in Israel's camp inspir'd.*
 This evidently refers to the blowing of the Ram's-horn
 before the walls of Jericho, as recorded in the Book of
 Joshua ; and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as-
 sures us, that by faith the walls of Jericho fell, after having
 been besieged three days.

ITHURIEL comes, and waves his glitt'ring spear ;
 Myriads him join, and up the standard rear ;
 Myriads, whose weeds adorn the wide concave, 15
 Attend his nod, and lo, their colours wave !
 Around the rainbow's curve their pendants fly !
 Their panoply adds glory to the sky.
 Hark ! seven-fold peals of thunder loud proclaim
 His dread approach, and from whose court he came. 20
 His breath th' unused golden trump does swell ;
 The earth alarms, and shakes the gates of hell !
 One foot rests on the sea, one on the earth :
 His mien majestic blazons forth his birth !
 His crimson'd garments seem as roll'd in blood,
 Bestowing blushes on the flowing flood.

SAY, Muse, did this projected potent arm
 Stay Moses' hand, amidst the dread alarm,
 When unprevailing Amalek his sword
 Did brandish, 'midst the battle of the Lord ? 30
 'Tis him who bade the Lord of day stand still,
 To view the battle from the holy hill !
 The spear it is, slew each Ægyptian heir ;
 Yet did the blood recorded houses spare :
 Then 'twas his flame the sons of freedom fir'd,
 His song the song of Aniram's son inspir'd !
 His sword once crimson'd Palestina's plain,
 With Syrian blood, and drank th' blood of the slain !

ITHURIEL's eyes scan half the spacious ball ;
 And dart around severity on all. 40

His right hand grasps the summit of the bow,
 Whose matchless hues adorn his laurel'd brow ;
 And lend their glory to his martial vest,
 Glow'd by the sun as bending to the West.
 Sol looks, and blushing, strait contracts his rays, 45
 To view that face surpasses all his blaze !
 Anon he lowly bends, and broader seems
 To honour him, eclipses all his beams.
 The awed nations stand in dread amaze :
 The fogs of virtue tremble whilst they gaze. 50
 The valliant for the truth upon the earth,
 See tyrants mingling, trembling with their mirth.
 The thunders raging, at his fiat roar,
 His eyes project their lightning round the shore !

ANON the peals are hush'd, the sky's serene, 55
 Nature herself seems solemn in the scene.
 Melodious notes upon his lips are hung,
 And drop like honey from his angel tongue ;—
 They fill, and flowing from the trump of God,
 Waft, on the winds the sure decree abroad. 60
 He swears by him who spread the azure sky,
 And launch'd the countless orbs that round it fly.
 The myriads round the arch obey his call,
 And echo round, "Great Babylon shall fall !" 65
 Silence pervades—he speaks.—Sons of a day,
 Him thwart no more ! Him winds and waves obey :
 Nor on your erring reason's doubtful beam,
 Attempt to weigh the works of the Supreme.
 To angels fixed is his firm decree,
 And still to fallen man his grace is free, 70

All good on *some* bestow'd, *some* good to all :
 Unbounded is his bounty as the fall.
 Th' Almighty claims the purest truth within,
 And keeps his rage in punishment of sin.
 Tho' all his mercies smiling pass before, 75
 Yet storms and tempests are laid up in store ;
 Mercy and Justice in his plan unite—
 Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?

A WHILE Ithuriel smil'd a solemn pause.—
 Ye Isles, attending to Messiah's laws, 80
 Attend my voice. Immac'late as the morn,
 (When beauty, light, and harmony were born,
 When order, all divine, from chaos sprang,
 And all the sons of God together sang)
 Did Mercy's tow'ring citadel arise, 85
 Rear'd on the plan projected in the skies ;
 Epitome of Solima above,
 Whose tow'rs are grace, whose streets are pav'd with
 love.
 Employ'd was all the great Workmaster's skill,
 To adorn the city, on his holy hill. 90
 Around its verge the heavens did manna rain,
 And fragrance dropped from each heav'nly plain,
 The fountain of the deep, the fount of God,
 Was op'd, and Grace was stream'd all abroad.
 Fair verdure strait adorn'd the barren hills, 95
 And desert vales were gladden'd by its rills.

Around

Around the city sprang the purest air,
 Which angels breathe, and which immortals share;
 The gales of heav'n awak'd the spring, and wav'd
 Their odours round the banks, the rivers lav'd.— 100
 Admiring angels counted all her tow'rs,
 And saw her grace superior to ours.
 The Great I AM on her in glory shone,
 Himself her *chief*, her precious *corner stone*.
 The joyful throng who now their robes display, 105
 Own'd her foundations deep, no man could lay.
 He, whose decree firm her foundations laid,
 Bade joy the fam'd Metropolis pervade;
 Bade softest peace project her olive wand;
 Bade Zion prove the joy of all the land. 110
 The law of love did all the Virgins fill,
 And holiness was written round the hill.

HER Founder, lo! her Prophet, Priest, and King!
 To him the new-born nations incense bring.
 Returning wand'ers make the people glad, 115
 And all her sons are with salvation clad,
 Own their Redeemer, their preceptor God,
 Adore his sceptre, and revere his rod.
 See barb'rous chiefs arrive from ev'ry shore;
 See Ethiop's sable sons their King adore! 120
 Degen'rate sons of Greece, fall'n Roma's sons
 Forsake their follies and their Gods at once:
 As once harsh jarring atoms leave their strife,
 And light beholding blush'd and creep'd to life.

Dark Demons fell, with Gods of wood and clay,
Upon Immanuel's triumphant day,
Chymeric oracles to darkness sold,
Gods fell, like Dagon, 'fore the ark of old!
To hell they sunk — (And they never return'd,
But, with their Makers, there for ever burn'd)

Most most renowned for all Messiah's toils;
See, at his laws, wait the British Isles:
Britannia kneeling at his glorious name,
Bends, with the nations, to return his name.
While ocean round the globe his tidings send,
Ends of the earth look at him, and be sav'd!
Thy sun see rise, with Morning in his wings,
And with the morning balmy blessings bring.
Glad angels leave the fair ethereal plains,
To view the isle where sole MESSIAH reigns;
Array'd in peace they all her pleasures share;
Aloud they sing, Behold a God is there!
England with Angels tune their harps and sing,
And Scythia's sons are joyful in their King.
To heav'n is op'd the new and living way,
Mortals can with immortals tune the lay!
God lov'd Britannia in the eternal plan:
See God, in very deed, resides with man!

THE

THE FALL

OF

ROMISH BABYLON

ANTICIPATED.

PART THE SECOND.

THE Seraph paused, meanwhile his looks benign
 Prophecies were of peace and love divine.
 His out-stretch'd arm touch'd o'er the listning Isle;
 Soon was eras'd the temporary smile.
 Again the lightnings flash'd, the thunders roll'd
 Terrific, as on Sinai's mount of old,
 When that firm hill did to its basis shake,
 And Amram's meek-ey'd son with fear did quake.
 Silence profound attends; at his command,
 The thunders cease to threat a guilty land,
 See wond'ring Britons, at his nod, behold
 The scenes arising—of the days of old.

The wheel rolls back.—See sons of darkness rise,
 Erase the day, and blacken all the skies!
 Grim death see mounted on his argent horse;
 But dimly seen amidst his sable course.

A dragon's mouth projects a furious flood,
 Which rolls around, and turns to reeking blood.
 Monsters to Zion hill anon ascend,
 Deform its verge, and its foundations rend. 20
 Black swarms of locusts from the pit repair,
 Mingle in clouds, and noxious make the air.
 Anon on plants descending in a storm,
 The comely face of Nature to deform.
 Gross darkness spreads around her sable shades, 25
 And darkness to be felt the hill pervades.
 The Sun forgets to dart his genial ray,
 Old Night again usurps the reign of day.

When baneful vapours once obey'd the nod
 Of the Supreme, when rais'd was Moses' rod, 30
 Then Ægypt grasp'd the palpable obscure,
 Whilst Israel's æther all around was pure:
 Not so when Goths pour from the frozen flood,
 And mark in barb'rous rage their steps with blood.
 Around the land behold ! they darkness spread ; 35
 Far off see science and religion fled !

Revolving time resumes its nat'ral flight,
 And seems to lose the sable-lengthen'd night.
 Long sons of ignorance eclips'd the day,
 Reason and common sense fled far away. 40
 The priests were knaves, the common folks were fools,
 The *sable Matron* darken'd all the schools :
 She nurs'd and spread her blind devotions wide,
 And then exulted with a *Harlot's* pride.

Long

Long was the light withheld from Britain's isle,
 At length behold the rising morning smile,
 Behold the balmy day-spring, from on high,
 The mountains gild—see shades of darkness fly ?
 See death and hell give up the martyrs slain :
 Blind superstition holds no more her reign. 50
 Two stars appear, had long their light withdrawn ;
 And usher to the earth the dewy dawn :
 LUTHER and CALVIN witnesses of God ;
 Each friend to truth, and to its foes a rod.—
 See youthful *Edward*, England's peerless boy, 55
 Arise, the deeds of darkness to destroy ;
 The Guardian of Britannia's soft repose,
 To hurl destruction on Religion's foes.
 The isle around illumin'd by his rays,
 Sees purest virtue flourish in his days. 60
 The legacy of heav'n is brought to light :—
 Myriads behold ; and glory in the fight !
 The lame arise, and skip the mountains o'er ;
 The deaf are charm'd by sounds not heard before :
 They hear what Moses, and Messiah told. 65
 The eyes long ceas'd in night new scenes behold.
 Myriads attend, to hail the joyful morn ;
 And lo, a Nation in a Day is born !

ALAS ! how is our sun eclips'd at noon ?
 The white-wing'd hours are fled, alas ! how soon ! 70
 He flies, and with him flies each genial ray :
 He had nor dawn, nor eve, but perfect day.
 The skies contract fresh gloom, no more serene ;
 And sable clouds roll up the glowing scene.

The lurking locusts lo again ascend ! 75
 Sprung from their dens, and to the temples bend.

MARIA, ripe for blood ascends the throne :—
 The nurse of harlots matches her alone ;
 The lordly Spaniard *Philip's* cruel Queen,
 In whom the blood of Babylon is seen. 80
 Dæmons her Priests ! Anon they thirst for blood :
 Forth on the Saints they pour a furious flood !
 See hell at her command its terrors share !
 See death its horrid implements prepare.
 Her Priests in malice all their tortures wake ; 85
 Whilst Saints, without relenting, face the stake !
 See, whilst their burning limbs like torches blaze,
 The cruel sons of Rome, rejoicing, gaze.

The

Ver. 77. *Maria ripe for blood, &c.*) This infamous woman, the daughter of Henry VIII. seems to have inherited all the cruelty and ferocity of her Father. The zeal she discovered for the Popish religion, became the engine of the most unheard of barbarities, in the hands of two bishops, of persecuting memory, whose insatiable thirst for blood is unparelled in history, either ancient or modern, all circumstances considered. This bigotted Princess began to reign in the year 1553 ; and in the short reign of five years were burnt arch-bishop Cranmer, four bishops, 21 divines, eight gentlemen, one hundred and eighty four artificers, &c. fifty-five women, and four children, total two hundred and seventy seven. *Vide Fox's Mart.*

*Gardiner, and bloody Bonner ruled then ;—
 May England never see such days again.*

No part of the bloody proceedings in the reign of queen Mary hath been more justly detested, than the cruelty that
 was

The truths of God alone pervade their songs.
 Till, in their mouths, consumed are their tongues ! 90
 Racks, stakes, behold, and each hell-bred machine,
 By blood of Martyrs dy'd, compose the scene.
 She sinks, with darkness, midst the virgin morn.—
 Lo liberty, and law, and truth are born !
 The sons of rapine sink beneath the light : 95
 The perfect day arises from the night.
 ELIZA comes ; and by her balmy breath,
 The sons of pining virtue spring from death,
 As rise the herbs when winter's storms are o'er,
 And Boreas on the vallies blows no more. 100

BUT lo ! anon, the Dragon of the South,
 Projects abroad fresh fury from his mouth ;
 The bigot slothful sons of haughty Spain
 Send forth their ire, across the liquid plain.

C 2

See

was exercised in the island of Guernsey, of burning a woman big with child ; and when from the violence of the flames, the infant sprang forth at the stake, and was preserved by the bye-standers, after some deliberation of the priests who assisted at the sacrifice, they cast it again into the fire, as a young Heretic. A barbarity which they never learned from Rome Pagan. *Blackstone's Comm.* Vol. iv. Chap. v.

V. 101. *But lo anon the dragon of the South, &c.*) The Spanish Armada, consisting of a great fleet and army, and by the enemy deemed *invincible*, was sent to root out, and totally destroy the English nation, in the year 1588. They brought over several instruments of torture, which are still preserved in the Tower of London, to perpetuate the memory of Popish cruelty.

See wafted on the wind's aerial wings, 105
 The rage of Rome ; the threats of bigot Kings!
 Come, let us cut them off ! (the vaunters say)
 Let Freedom yield, to Spain, her boasted sway.
 Blot out their rights, erase their very name !
 Mar their Religion ! Light the spiral flame ! 110
 Deal round your red-hot thunders sons of Rome :
 Let dire destruction prove Britannia's doom !
 Erect the scaffold !—all your tortures raise !—
 Bid tow'ring flames wave round the church's praise !

BEHOLDING the Supreme them laughs to scorn ; 115
 And tempests at his nod ; and winds are born.
 The deep drowns all their vaunts within its roar ;
 And rolls them, on its billows, from the shore.
 Britons behold ! they tune their notes aloud,
 To him, whose anger scattered the proud :— 120
 The coming waves behold an angry God,
 Mix with the winds to waft his foes abroad !

AGAIN, see Hell and Babylon combine,
 Unite their labour, and their cunning join ;
 Britannia's King, her chiefs to overthrow ;— 125
 Whilst Death stood ready in the shades below.
 See Desolation in her cavern fit ;
 As lately rais'd from Pandæmonium's pit ;—
 Her hues disclose she comes from Moloch's store :
 Hell gave her strength, and Rome her rage to 130
 roar !

She

She sits prepar'd, all eager with desire
 Of quick commission—of infernal fire !
 A bigot slave, pick'd out by Mother Church,
 Prepar'd, stands waving the illumin'd torch ;
 Eager to raise in Rome infernal joy ; 135
 Bent Freedom and Religion to destroy.
 Such joy pervaded once the sons of night,
 When first the horrid art was brought to light :
 Then in suspense hung all th' infernal cries ;
 And breasts of torment laid aside their sighs ;— 140
 When men embrac'd the modern art of War ;
 And learn'd to hurl hell's thunders from afar.
 But he to whom is equal day and night,
 Beholds their plot ;* and brings it forth to light :—
 He looks ; and lo ! anon their plot is vain ;--- 145
 He sends his light ; and stops the running train !

BEHOLD next, as the wheel of time revolves,
 An inbred tyrant, who with black resolves,
 'Gainst sacred Freedom long maintains the fight,
 And robs his people of their native right. 150
 The blood of myriads, on Hibernia's plains,
 Defiles his throne, his crown and sceptre stains.

See

* Nothing ever better discovered the true spirit of Popery, than that infernal plot which was laid by the emissaries of Rome ; and which was designed to blow up at once, the King, Lords, and Commons of this realm ; and on the ruins of a Protestant monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy, to erect their own superstitions and tyranny. It happened in the year 1603.

V. 151. *The blood of Myriads on Hibernia's plains.*) In the year 1641, on the 23d of October, and in the reign of king Charles I. the dreadful massacre in Ireland began, by which

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 When men embrac'd the modern art of War ;
 And learn'd to hurl hell's thunders from afar.
 But he to whom is equal day and night,
 Beholds their plot ;* and brings it forth to light :—
 He looks ; and lo ! anon their plot is vain ;--- 145
 He sends his light ; and stops the running train !

BEHOLD next, as the wheel of time revolves,
 An inbred tyrant, who with black resolves,
 'Gainst sacred Freedom long maintains the fight,
 And robs his people of their native right. 150
 The blood of myriads, on Hibernia's plains,
 Defiles his throne, his crown and sceptre stains.

See

* Nothing ever better discovered the true spirit of Popery, than that infernal plot which was laid by the emissaries of Rome ; and which was designed to blow up at once, the King, Lords, and Commons of this realm ; and on the ruins of a Protestant monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy, to erect their own superstitions and tyranny. It happened in the year 1603.

V. 151. *The blood of Myriads on Hibernia's plains.*) In the year 1641, on the 23d of October, and in the reign of king Charles I. the dreadful massacre in Ireland began, by which

See myriads martyr'd ! see a crimson flood
Roll round his throne !---Lo earth hides not their
blood !

Nor did the tyrant from his purpose shrink, 155
Till Heaven in justice gave him blood to drink !

His banish'd boy, nurs'd by the scarlet dame,
And train'd to tyranny, restored came :
Then 'twas the days of blasphemy began,
And oaths that trembled hell, rejoiced man ! 160
See puny emets of the earth arise ;
And pour forth vengeance 'gainst th' insulted skies !

Vice

which were put to death in cool blood, and with the utmost barbarity, some say 140,000 people. Some Tory writers suppose this number greatly exaggerated ; but all historians allow that the number of people massacred was enormous.

V. 159. *Then 'twas the days of blasphemy began, &c.*) These horrid oaths and execrations, which were introduced by the loyalists, at the restoration, were intended to mimic the solemn expressions of the Puritans, and of the more serious part of the Dissenters. Cursing and profane swearing soon became the fashion at court, and the gangrene spread over the land, as fast as the pestilence did in 1665, or the dreadful fire the year following : but though those who died of the plague are long since buried in oblivion, and tho' the ravages of the fire have long since been repaired, yet the horrid blasphemies, which commenced in the reign of that son of ingratitude, still stalk around the land ; and from the meanest drudge in the street, up to the polite gentleman at court, few sentences can be expected without a profanation of that tremendous name, at which devils tremble !—Tell it not in Gath ?

Vice reigns majestic midst the rueful scene ;
 And virtue seems as if it ne'er had been.
 Rome looks, and lo ! Religion nerveless falls ! 165
 The brooding monster all its offspring calls ;
 Sceptic and Atheist Priests invade the land,
 And errors countless spring at its command ;
 Sure harbingers of Rome's infernal crew,
 Which, as the wheel rolls round, arise to view. 170

No sooner tyrant JAMES his sceptre wav'd,
 Than Ocean, round the coasts, its locusts lav'd :
 And Priests and Monks in terrible array,
 Absorb the sky, and darken all the day.
 Arm'd by their little Gods of paste and wood, 175
 Bread they make flesh, and wine convert to blood !
 Rome's senseless tales were all, by James, believ'd ;
 The motley crew he to his arms receiv'd.—
 See money ope a ready way to heav'n,
 And pardons, all chymeric, fully giv'n, 180
 For murder, and each vice does now prevail !
 Alas ! how few Religion's fall bewail !

BUT hark ! those few up to Jehovah cry ;
 He hears ! and lo ! he brings salvation nigh.
 His altar's flame the sons of Freedom warm : 185
 To aid them he makes bare his holy arm.
 The trembler flies ! his Priests, see, wing their way
 To chaos ; lost amidst the blaze of day !

Freedom

Freedom, from pure religion caught the flame ;
 Pure joy prevail'd, when the *Deliverer* came. 190
 He comes, amidst Britannia's cheering smiles,
 To wave soft peace around the blissful isles.

SEE pure Religion up her standard rear ;
 And Britain's ancient Freedom all revere.
 See next, on rolling time, the Brunswick line, 195
 Chose, and presented by the hand divine.
 See Babel's motley tribes all clad in shame,
 And stand agast at GEORGE's sacred name.
 He's come, the fairest of *Germannia's* race !
 See ev'ry virtue beaming in his face. 200
 Messiah's laws long flourish in his days :—
 The Second George, see formed to his praise !
 The Saints again surround the holy hill :
 At th' foot of which behold the rolling rill.
 Which laves its kindly influence abroad ; 205
 And glad makes all the city of our God.

They

V. 190. *Pure joy prevail'd, when the deliverer came.*) To king William of blessed memory, Britons owe the restoration and completion of all their blessings, as their inestimable rights were by him established on the most solid basis ; and as through his interference, the yoke of slavery was taken off ; a yoke which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear.

The race of Nassau was by heaven design'd,
 To curb the proud oppressors of mankind ;
 To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws ;
 And fight for every injur'd nation's cause :
 The world's great Patriots. —————

ADDISON.

They own, in pleasant places sell their lines,
 'Neath fig-trees, and the odoriferous vines.

The Third of Brunswick's Line ascends the throne :
 See ev'ry grace, late in his Grandfire shone. 210
 Long wand'ring peace salutes the happy shore,
 And glory in her train is wafted o'er.
 The nations own him emp'ror of the main,
 And smiling gladness waits with all her train.

D

THE

THE FALL
OF
ROMISH BABYLON
ANTICIPATED.

PART THE THIRD.

TO mortal sight each future page seems seal'd,
And Seraphs know no more than is reveal'd.
Hid rolls the wheel of time in sable night,
Its future round eludes created sight ;
Yet past and future *Now* to him appears, 5
Whose eye rolls all around its countless years.
'Tis but the roll of his eternal plan,
Nor can a line be e'er fill'd up by man !
Man but beholds the Omnipotent resolves,
On the illumin'd curve as it revolves ! 10
Angels, tho' agents in the fix'd decree,
The ways of God to Man but dimly see !
Yet all attentive, they with eager eye,
'The volume prize, and o'er its pages pry.

ITHURIEL smiling views a GEORGE's day, 15
And bids the sons of light attune the lay :

Gladness

Gladness sits easy on each wreathed brow,
 As they descend to Britain on the bow.
 The varied bow, the pledge shall never cease :
 Good will to men they sing, and peerless peace, 20
 To Brunswick's chosen race : and great good-will,
 Long as shall flourish Zion's holy hill :
 Long as the sun metes out to men the days.
 Or cheers its summit by his genial rays.
 Attune your notes to him who wing'd the light ; 25
 And bade it banish all the shades of night.
 Heav'n wasted holiness on the decree ;
 And formed his holy mount from error free :
 Pure peace within its borders still be found,
 Since holy are its bound'ries all around. 30

THE seraphs singing view Ithuriel's spear
 Wav'd over the main ;—fresh clouds again appear ;
 Again the raging roaring thunders roll !
 Earth through its centre shakes from pole to pole !
 The ocean laves its surges round the shore ; 35
 Terrific to the coast.—They sweep the lyre no more !
 No more soft music charms the heav'nly plain,
 The shades of night again resume their reign !—
 So birds made blythsome on the morn of May,
 Charm'd by its blushes, chaunt on every spray, 40
 And o'er the dewy landscape gladness pour,—
 When lo ! the eye of Hesper seems to low'r,
 They change their notes, the morn is overcast,
 And seek for shelter from th' impending blast :

With morn they change, and lo ! a sudden show'r 45
Suspends the music of the blissful bow'r.

THE rays of light shine on the dark decree,—
Behold a temple rising from the sea ;
The maden'd billows quickly waft it o'er
Anon it forms its basis on the shore, 50
Its turrets all sublime, see wrap'd in flames,
Which roll around gods of stone of various names,
The fiery pyramids thro' other pierce,
Or as mount Ætna, or Vesuvius fierce,
Its vapours hide the holy hill of God ; 55
It waves its noxious sulphur all abroad !
Before the temple spreads a spacious plain,
Deformed by sons of Babel's ghastly train.—
Some sable hues, some grey, and others white,
And each performing one unhallowed rite : 60
Some sealing pardons that no god can sign ;
Some making gods of paste, and bread, and wine,
Bald pated fires, see dancing all around,
Without their shoes, tho' tis unholy ground.
A heterogeneous group of Pagan race, 65
To stocks they pray, and bow with great grimace.
Forbear, my muse, their titles vile to tell,
Or blazon that would dim the rolls of hell !
But wing thy way within yon Gothic gates,
Where sits the Pontiff crown'd amidst his mates ; 70
He reigns usurper of the throne of God,
And deals his dire anathemas abroad.

'Tis

'Tis now but an epitome of hell,
 For Satan rules—here horrid tortures dwell.
 Prepar'd see racks and stakes around the hall— 80
 See Idol Popes depicted on the wall,

THE plan eliptic of this spacious room,
 Conspires to heighten all the horrid gloom.
 The floor Mosaic, deep in blood seems stain'd—
 Sunk are the columns late the dome sustain'd. 80
 Grotesque the pillars now by Pontiffs rais'd—
 Adorn'd by Saints—by none but idiots prais'd.
 Beneath the dome are gratings closely wove,
 The flames, the purging flames are spread above.
 There horrid shrieks and dismal tones prevail, 85
 'Mongst friendless souls within the church's pale.
 It is the Pontiff's paradise for fools,
 Who with implicit trust ply'd to his rules.
 Beneath the impost, on the flaming freize,
 See Pope's pourtray'd, where round them hang 90
 the keys

Of purgatory, and the keys of hell.—

Relics are spread around the gloomy cell ;
 Relics of those, of whom their sage averr'd
 They were infallible, and never err'd ;

Tho'

V. 84. *The flames, the purging flames, &c.*) Bellarmine, one of the greatest Popish doctors, says purgatory is a prison where souls are purified to make them meet for heaven.

V. 94. *They were infallible, and never err'd.*) The pope has been stiled by the Canonists, *Dominus Deus noster Pa-*
 84. *Lateran council. Sess. 4.*

Tho' horrid murders all their tortures crown'd, 95
 And sable Sodom's lusts in them were found :
 They pav'd with sins the road to paradise,—
 And vice they virtue call'd, and virtue vice.—
 They held the sacred word as incomplete,
 Tho' lent to prove a lamp to erring feet. 100
 All spread their foolish fopperies abroad ;
 To rob by force, or to delude by fraud :
 Each in his turn was Prophet, King, and Priest ;—
 And all the world wonder'd at the Beast !
 Base was the tyrant, impious was the man, 105
 Who made a golden calf a God in Dan ;
 More vile each Pontiff of inglorious name,
 Who, to the nations, idols durst proclaim ;
 More brutish they than those of Israel's race,
 Who in a calf saw their Redeemer's face ! 110
 These rapes incestuous long, and blood pursu'd,
 Tho' by the vulgar reverently view'd !
 Still priests and sons of error fondly dream,
 That such incarnate dæmons were supreme !

THE

V. 98. *And vice they virtue call'd, and virtue vice.*—If the pope by mistake should command vice, and forbid virtue, the church (unless she would sin against conscience) would be obliged to believe that *vice is good and virtue is evil*, Bellarmine.

V. 110. *Who in a calf, saw their Redeemer's face.* These are thy gods, O Israel which brought thee out of the land of Egypt. Exodus.

THE brazen serpent once to powder ground, 115
 Restor'd, is in this vile Musæum found.—
 The jaw-bone of an ass, with which the Jew,
 The real Hercules—a thousand flew.
 See bottled breath—and tears, and milk, and blood—
 See crosses more than would ten waggons load ! 120
 Proud *Becket's* ragged shirt, composed of hair,
 And which the holy Virgin did repair.
 The Dragon which St. Paul *de Leon* tam'd,
 And his few pebbles once the ocean stem'd.
 The head of *Dernys*, the great toe of *Joan*. 125
 See relics not by all the Muses known.—
 The tongue and lips of him who was so civil,
 To drink the health of his grandfire—the Devil.
 The Pope too, who unvirgin'd many a woman,
 And who, of many a Priest, at times made no man, 130
 IN

V. 128. *To drink a health to his grand-fire, the devil.*
 Pope John XIII. who reigned in 955, dismembered several of his cardinals, ordained deacons in his stables, made boys bishops, deflowered multitudes of women, broke windows, fired houses, and drank a health to the devil. It would swell this essay to an enormous size to even recapitulate the thousandth part of the enormities perpetrated by the Anti-christian church of Rome. Some have deposed, and murdered kings and emperors; some have committed crimes unnatural, made boys bishops; one made a boy a cardinal; one committed incest with his own sister, whom he afterwards murdered, and lay with his daughter. Baronius calls one a thief, murderer, and traitor; one held the mortality of the soul, and flayed a bishop alive; some have granted indulgence to cardinals to commit unnatural crimes, &c. &c.

IN motly conclave each in's order found,
 Beneath the flaming concave, on the ground
 Of the extended scene, behold a race
 Of Cardinals. Enthroned in his place,
 Beneath the center of the flaming dome, 135
 The Pontiff sits, enwapt, in fullen gloom.
 The circling conclave to him lowly bow;—
 Or to the triple crown adorns his brow.
 His robes like tap'stry in a Persian loom,
 Glow and deal all their shades around the room. 140
 The blushing chiefs again their bows renew
 They lick the dust from off his golden shoe.
 Around the hall see adamantine gates,
 At each a slave with eager wishes waits,
 To snatch the mandate of the Pontiff fire, 145
 Whose galled eyes emit a livid fire.
 With eager longing wishful eyes they stand
 And oft anticipate the dread command :
 Each holds a whip all bloody in his hand !

ANON the pontiff in the centre waves 150
 His iron rod, to the surrounding slaves.
 See at his nod the massy bolts unbar !
 Hark ! Groans and shrieks of Saints spring from afar !
 The noise of whips, the rueful dire complaints
 Of sentenc'd martyrs, and condemned saints, 155
 Flow from the pits, and echo round the dome :
 The chief waves ghastly smiles to all the room !
 The lash of whips, the clank of chains is hear'd,
 The calous monsters, still with bosoms fear'd,

Rejoice

Rejoice ; the brazen doors fly off amain, 160
 To gladden all the Priests upon the plain !
 The lord of day veils all his peerless form,
 And blushing flies behind the gath'ring storm.
 He once on *Gibion's* Mount rejoicing staid ;
 And once on *Calvary's* Hill seem'd sore dismay'd. 165
 See yet his light within the temple shine :
 Tho' all defil'd—its founder is divine !
 The faithful witnesses of truth behold
 Machines of torture ten—when ten times told,
 As new erected on the crimson'd floor.
 Behold their faces overspread with gore !
 See them approach amidst the rabble roar !
 Behold their garments vile with purple stain'd ;
 Long have they sigh'd, but never once complain'd.
 See thro' the croud they're scourg'd along the 175
 plain,
 Where smiling lo ! the sons of torture reign.
 Surrounding Priests attend the stake, the wheel—
 Their looks proclaim their hearts no horrors feel.
 Approaching next, behold a tawdry crew
 Of Friars black and grey, arise to view : 180
 Unnat'ral forms, with Gods in ev'ry hand,
 Compos'd of paste, and pliant to command.
 See locusts springing from the shades of night,
 Fly to the temple, glorying in the sight :
 Thrice fly they round the summit of the flames, 185
 Till from the Pontiff they receive new names.
 Anon descends a little eunuch'd boy—
 Converted bishop, 'midst the gen'ral joy.
 Sons of *Ignatius*, Priests of ev'ry hue
 Descend, and 'mongst the Monks appear to view. 190

With blood behold their motly garments dy'd,
 (Of Saints, who midst the flames their rage defy'd !
 A tribe who dealt fell slaughter all around
 To all, on whom the sacred mark was found—
 To all without their sign, they death decreed ;— 195
 Yet blood of Martyrs prov'd the church's seed :—
 Say, can they ever from their purpose shrink,
 Till the Most High shall give them blood to drink?

ON the back ground remov'd, behold perform'd
 Half rites, by Bishops, who are half reform'd. 200
 Each in his breast, maturable in hope,
 With tender fondness, rears *a little Pope*.
 Already Prelates !—Not so far remov'd !—
 Arch-prelates too, by Babel's party lov'd.
 Prelate !—A Pope is but another name ; 205
 'Tis the same thing !—their doctrine is the same.
 Thy gaudy forms their silly souls allure ;
 Their doctrine, or the Bible is impure,
 Let them those idols join their souls desire :—
 If they are sav'd, it must be as with fire. 210

WITHIN the Judges sit in awful state ;
 And lo ! without the captives wait their fate,
 Thro' the rejoicing croud late led in chains,
 Led bound, and mock'd, and scourg'd, still none
 complains.
 Amidst their woes their minds appear serene, 215
 Nor seem they dashed at the swelling scene.
 They mount the scaffold, 'midst the gen'ral roar,
 And mingle 'mongst the racks upon its floor.

The

The Monks, and Priests, and People seem the same ;
All see the captives bound, and loud acclaim ;— 220

“ Let flames or racks the Hereticks destroy,

“ To heighten Mother Church’s gen’ral joy !

“ Bring forth the wheels, each torture quickly

“ bring !

“ Let sons of Roma all rejoicing sing !”

THE captive Saints in all their visage shine, 225
Unseen supported by the hand divine.

Their prayers they send to heav’n—nor can they fail
To reach the empyreal throne, beyond the veil.

TH’ impatient executioners attend,
Their eager looks oft to the temple bend ; 230

Where still like dæmons chiefs deform the hall,

They face the plain, and seem delighted all.

The Pontiff’s lips are mov’d with the decree—

When lo ! the billows of the raging sea,

Strait at *Ithuriel’s* wave, surpass their bound, 235

And for the temple lo ! no place is found !

The thunders roll, the fire descends amain,

And sinks to dust the dæmons of the plain,

Which e’en of racks and gibbets now seems clear ;

None but the Saints of heav’n *unbound* appear. 240

Descending bolts of fire the seraphs see

Melt all their chains, and all the captives free !

The æther clears, the sun now deigns to shine,

The Angels sing, and lo ! their song’s divine.

Ithuriel waves around a gen’rous smile, 245

And breathes soft accents to the list’ning isle :—

Be wise, enthroned Monarchs of the earth,
 Rejoice, ye righteous ! join your solemn mirth
 With all the cheared myriads of the sky !
 Be glad in him, who brought salvation nigh. 250
 For Babylon, now fall'n, shall rise no more !
 Nor shall her locusts reach again thy shore.

PEACE spreads her softness o'er each verdant plant,
 No more shall tyrant Babel o'er thee reign —
 Whilst oceans roll around thy blissful shore. 255
 The Harlot Mother shall offend no more !
 Myriads late saw the flames on her attend
 And glory now to see her smoke ascend !

MATURE shall prove the work by Heav'n begun,
 Each free-born sire shall teach his free-born son — 260
 Still to be free — pure faith and freedom join,
 And long shall last the Brunswick chosen line.
 GEO. GE, whilst thou still maintains MESSIAH'S
 laws,

And sacred Freedom — meet the full applause
 Of all the pure. — All good to thee be giv'n ! 265
 The Angel sang — and wing'd his way to Heav'n.

T H E E N D.



* * The original Copy having been surreptitiously ob-
 tained from the Author, by a pretended Gentleman, the
 censored Reader will pardon any Defect in this Publication
 of the Poem, got up in the utmost Hurry for Publication.

